



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

AL
4313
12

WIDENER LIBRARY

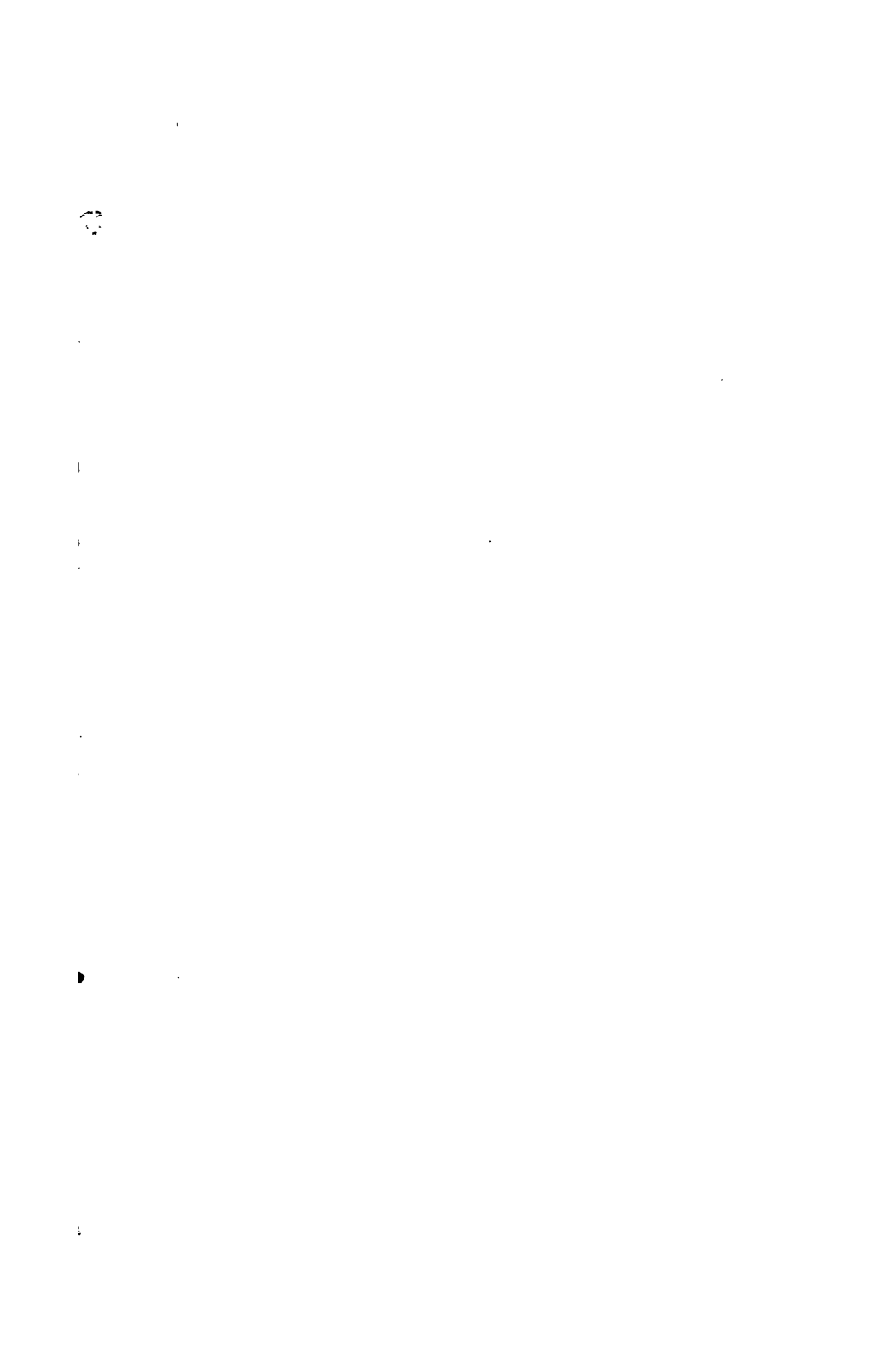


HX 510F B

AL 4313.12

GIFT OF
ALICE M. LONGFELLOW

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY



CENSORIA LICTORIA;

D

OR,

WHAT I THINK OF YOU.

FROM THE

NOTES AND MINUTES

OF

MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD'S OFFICIAL TOUR.

BY

LOUISE ELEMJAY, *Author of*

[AUTHOR OF "LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES."]

The censor's role, the Roman Cato played,
And rod and axe in Licor's hands obeyed.

[PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.]

C

NEW YORK:

JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER, 49 ANN STREET.

1855.

VI 4313-12
~~IV, 1294~~

1884, Jan. 2.
Gift of
Miss Alice M. Longfellow,
of Cambridge

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
E. M. KINGSLEY, FOR THE AUTHOR,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER,
49 Ann Street.

TO ONE

WHOSE EPISTOLARY TALENTS FEAR NO COMPETITION,
WHOSE MAGNANIMITY RESIGNS A PERSONAL PATRON TO PUBLIC WANT,—

WILKINS MICAWBER;

WHOSE GRANDISONIAN ELOQUENCE, MORE EVEN THAN HIS OWN
SUCCESSFUL EMIGRATION,
GAVE TO OCCIDENTAL HUMANITY ITS PRESENT
CENSOR;

THESE, HER OFFICIAL AND ANTE-OFFICIAL

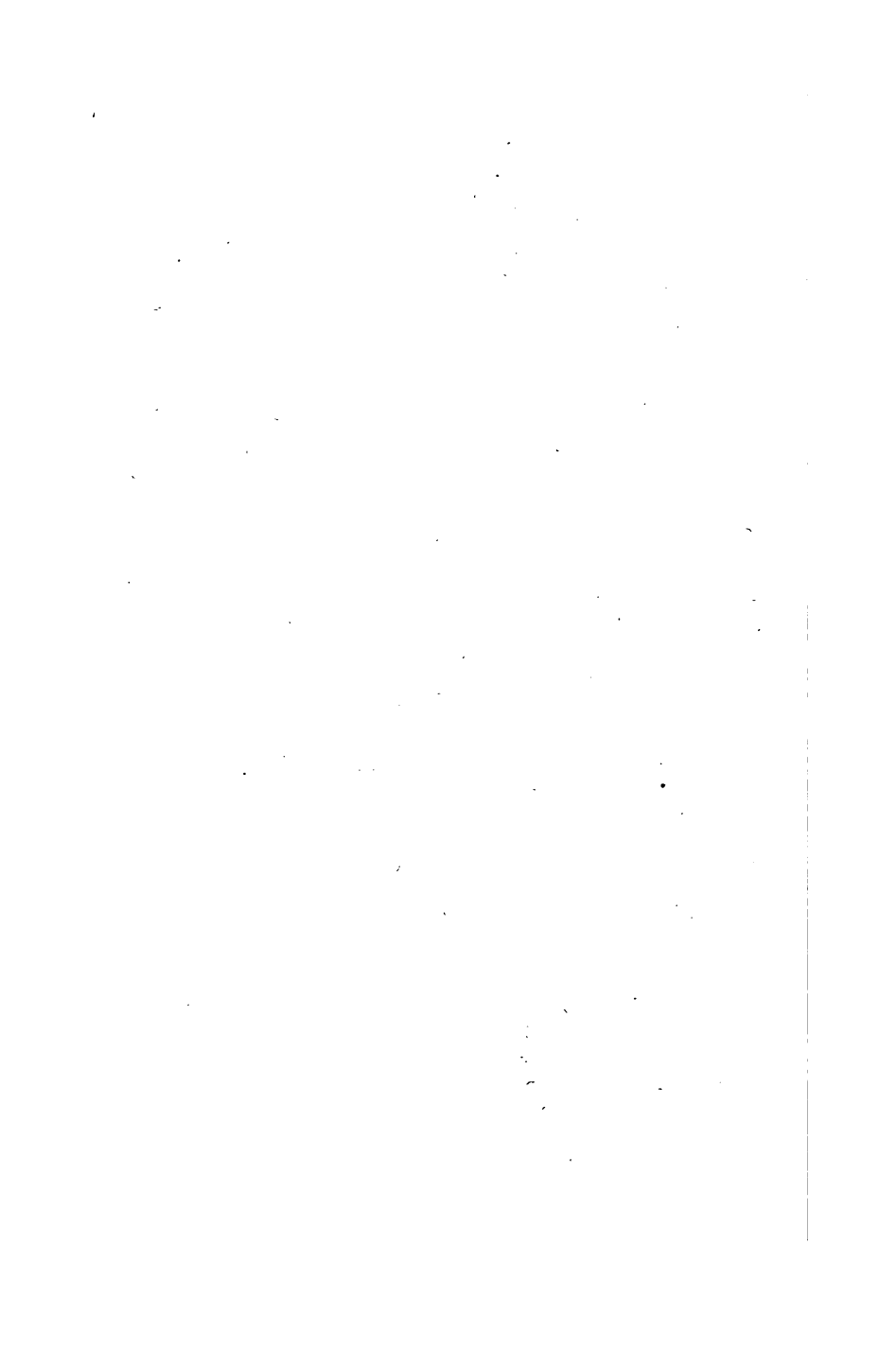
RECORDS,

ABSTRACTED, AS USUAL, BY THE CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY, ARE NOW

Most Respectfully Inscribed,

BY HIS ADMIRING AND HUMBLE DISCIPLE, THE

HONORABLE SECRETARY, AFORESAID.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREAMBULAR PERORATION.....	7
KENTUCKY.....	11
WHO'S TO WEAR THE HATS?.....	12
REPORT OF A SELF-INSTALLED COMMITTEE.....	15
THE DARK HOUR.....	19
THE ALL-SEEING EYE.....	20
TO MY WILL-O'-WISP DAUGHTER, FANNY FERN.....	20
FILIAL.....	21
AN INVALID'S SOLILOQUY.....	23
TO A BRIDE.....	23
LOGIC AND DEFERENCE.....	24
NEW LORDS, NEW LAWS.....	26
DID YOU EVER?.....	26
THE ENGLISH IS A STRONG LANGUAGE.....	27
"WHY DON'T THE STATE OF MARYLAND PUT HIM (<i>Rev. Mr. S.</i>) IN PETTICOATS?".....	81
ALABAMA.....	32
WOMAN'S SPHERE.....	38
CHARLESTON.....	44
MEMORIAL TO THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.....	44

	PAGE
OLEVER AUTHORESS.....	45
NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO.....	47
PROMISING PATRON.....	59
LAY SERMON TO PRIEST AND PRELATE.....	59
CHARITY.....	61
NEW BROOM.....	62
WHAT A BOOK MIGHT BE GOOD FOR.....	67
CAP FOR HEADS THAT FIT	68
PUFFS AND PUFFERS.....	68
MRS. GRUNDY AND EASTERN EDITOR TO SOUTHERN AUTHOR..	71
SOUTHERN AUTHOR TO MRS. GRUNDY.....	71
VALENTINE FOR THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.....	72
ETHICS AND HUMANITY.....	79
HYBRIDS NOT MASONS.....	80
LIGHT FROM ON HIGH.....	82
ONLY A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.....	83

PREAMBILAR PERORATION.

SOME inconsiderate people may expect we are going to apologize for making free with Miss Betsey's *bureau de police* at this particular stage of her career ; and some few hardened old fogies, whose organs of veneration for modern manners, morals and tendencies, sadly need developing, might not care a *baawbee*, if we were to cast some such innuendo reflection on the honor and honesty of Young America's precedent-makers ; but thanks to those "emancipated" souls, who have from time to time practically maintained, in the teeth of vulgar prejudice, that all *right* in matters of interest lies not in the great heads that conceive, but the light-fingered hands that hold, or execute, *we know better*.

EVERY THING FOR ALL (that can get it), that's our Uncle Sam's motto ; but how is said ALL to get it, if any body's got any right to keep any thing back that any body else wants ? It's clearly a conspiracy against the peace and dignity of all his "FREE AND ENLIGHTENED," for when people want a thing, *they want it* ; trust a traitor to put his own papers in apple-pie order, and see

if he don't slip out, or burn up the very ones you want : and, besides, what good will it do a man going on a trip *to-day*, if Mr. Dick and the missing papers should turn up to-morrow ? Won't he have to be picked up next day, and acquit the engine on the morrow ? Of course he will ; and the fact is, he ought to have had *these*, and more besides, long ago ; and would, too, if our superfluous, but well-meaning, hard-working Master Mel' hadn't been intercepted, and somewhat crippled, by the senseless kickings and cavortings of one of those old "beggars on horseback," that never can be easy to ride on their way, without riding down every thing else. However, he'll find the ingenious operation of "biting off his own nose to spite his face," pleasant and profitable, perhaps, some day ; and the unlucky *ad inter*, with his gallant, but ill-omened name, has rotated now, and we've taken abundant precautions that there's to be "no more of that." Miss BETSEY may chafe at having to buy another new veil, but knows very well we've got all her records in such "*a fix*," that nobody else ever could decipher tēn consecutive words ; a simple and efficacious plan for "*holding on*," that we should take great pleasure in recommending to other secretaries and office-holders, only that most of them, it is believed, practise upon it already. True, it has this little inconvenience, we can't always make it out ourselves ; and when one line's contumacious, another has to go down. This rather amalgamates styles ; and one of the parties being forestalled in his designs, may take advantage of it, to pretend our version isn't genuine ; but if any body doubts it, let him come and see if we haven't got *his*

first drafts, and others, too, belonging apparently to no particular person or place, but evidently smuggled in by some supernumerary scion, or candidate on trial.

It is extremely mortifying, though, that we can't tell all inquiring minds a great deal more about our chief's private history than she knows herself; she never did like being catechised, you know, but from all that we can learn, worthy Mr. Micawber, with a disinterestedness above all praise, directed her attention to *this* continent about the time of the last presidential election, and persuaded her to be on hand in case "any thing should turn up." Accordingly, we find her here soon after all Bonnetdom went "a-crabbing;" and it *was* hoped, the sight of her "respectable" old beaver might arrest its course before it got quite back to Mrs. Eve's fig-leaf; but, unfortunately, a due regard for personal safety, and great horror of having to set her clogs in every predecessor's footsteps, compelled her, not only to muffle it in a double veil of deep-blue mystery, but even forego its "insane tilt," and her own patronymic, in order to escape being torn limb from limb by those peerless jackals, apes, and other "varmints," always on the look-out for some foreign lion!

The election—much to "glorification" discomfiture—turned up FRANK PIERCE; and much to the credit of his sagacity, and Mr. Micawber's forecast, Miss BETSEY'S unique talents were soon put in requisition.

Fortunately, the official duties chimed in admirably with her own inclination to see what nobody else goes to see, and knowing that *things* are to *names* as nothing to one, she continues up to this very day passing up and

down (for the most part very quietly), under her obscure cognate ; catching morals and manners without their holiday hats and "Sabba-dy" cloaks on, "takin' notes," and dispensing meed and dreed, "all fearlessly and free," where the first inkling of her distinguished name would bring whole troops of Philistines, if not Barnum's show-case, down upon her to "put her through" the grand paces, as they did Samson of old ; bury her "five-fathom deep" in hoodwink and "flummery," her especial abomination ; and, what is worse, deprive Mrs. Grundy, "and all the rest of mankind," of the great pleasure of knowing what she really does think of the "chief estates" and little-greats in Uncle Sam's and St. Picayune's guessing, gasing, reeling, scrambling, nomadic, stampeding jurisdictions.

LOUISE ELEMJAY, *Sec.*

NEW YORK, *Dec. 20th*, 1854.

CENSORIA LICTORIA.

KENTUCKY.

Kentucky's slopes are green and fair,
Kentucky's hearts are warm and brave ;
And living gems of beauty rare,
Crown crest and cliff and woodland wave ;
And deep-toned notes of sympathy—
Vorthy the land of sacred dust—
Have cheered a heart whose prayer shall be,
God guard thee well, and thou—thy trust !
L.

DRENNAN SPRINGS, *August 1st*, 1852.

Alas, alas ! that blood should dye thy honored shore,
Home of the noble, beautiful and *true*—ASHMORE !
L. E.

1854.

“WHO’S TO WEAR THE HATS?”

“WHO?” Why, you, to be sure! Who else do you suppose? None of your figure-heads over my top-gal-lant rigging, I thank you! “*Take your hat?*”—not I. The clumsy, ill-conditioned, “shocking bad” old tarpaulin, keep it yourself!

“But just to oblige.” And haven’t I obliged, I should like to know, till I’ve taken on more freight from Messrs. Cotton-Bale, Dry-Goods & Co., than I can make good headway under in fair weather—want to see me swamped, don’t you? “Make such capital ballast!” Glad to hear it—put it right on—don’t know any body that needs it more. “*Won’t wear the things*—hateful, ridiculous!”—“‘*Stove-pipe hats,*’” eh! Think to get rid of them, don’t you? No use. Hats were made to wear—somebody’s got to wear them, and I *shan’t*. “Stupid, ugly, ill-contrived, unmanageable things!”

Then who but you should wear them? “Great, awkward, stiff, intolerable bores!” Don’t see but they fit you very well. “But that’s only because, ma’am, you’re use’ to seeing us together.” Don’t often see you without, that’s a fact. Wonder if you sleep in them—expect you can’t—dare say that’s the very reason now you’ve fallen out with them.

“So ‘hard and hot and heavy’—ruin your beautiful bonnet, ma’am, if they should happen to fall on it.” Can’t help it, none of your blarney—want to throw them away, and ruin all the hatters in the world, don’t you? *Shan’t* allow it, I tell you!

"If you would only listen to reason!" Will, when I think there's any chance of hearing it. "Oh, then, you see, madam, such a constant pressure on the region of the brain"—don't fill up the vacancy—of course not—anybody can see that.

"But it might produce torpor, or inflammation."

"Naught's never in danger"—got on your grandmother's double-wrapper now—want to poke your head into her nightcap too. Can't have it; distinctions must be kept up, else how should we know which was which?

"Oh, just as easy, ma'am"—Just as easy, I don't doubt, as you could have told, a year or two ago, what sort of pedal annexations ladies did have, if they had been cruel enough to shove them into pantalets like children or squaws; or break the whalebones and straitlaces of pious, peripatetic old Mrs. Roundhead, and fall back into the costume of her worthy neighbor, good, quiet, stay-at-home Mrs. Knickerbocker;—eking it out with some sort of mufflers in compliment to the quaint, though rather irreverent sneers, of her classic historian. No, no—don't forget old friends and past kindness—my turn now—bound to keep you (far as in me lies) from making yourself ridiculous; so just make yourself easy with what you have got, and never say CAPS to me again.

"But they are so much lighter and more comfortable?" Can't have them, I tell you, without the bells—don't dream of abandoning you to your own discretion in matters of such vital importance. Yield the head-gear, you'll be after my parasol and bib-and-tucker next.

Fact is, I believe I have seen you with the latter already (though it might be only the skirt of an infant's robe you had tucked under your vest when you couldn't get a decent shirt-bosom), and no doubt but you'd distinguish yourself as Mistress of Robes and "Holder of the Gir-dle" to a whole harem of ballet-dancers ; but do you suppose I'm going to look at any such frights ?

"Oh, that's all in habit, if you were only once used to them"—But I'm *not* used to them, and I don't want to be used to them, and I'm not going to be used to them ! Haven't I got used to the hats, and do you suppose I'm going the trouble all over again ?

"But HATS are so heavy and unhealthy !"

What if they are, haven't you got used to them ? "If you'd only consider"—And who ever knew you to *consider* any thing but how to curl a moustache, flourish a rattan, and twirl an opera-glass ? "Consider," indeed—set you up to consider !

"But if you *please*, ma'am"—I tell you I *don't* please, I don't mean to please, and what's more, I never will please, so shut up with your fool-whim, put on your hat, and go about your business, or sit down and dress this French doll, you exquisite little man-milliner you !

BETSEY TROTWOOD.

REPORT

Of the self-installed Committee of THE TRANSCENDENTAL PHILANTHROPY-EXPORTATION SOCIETY, prospectively convened, to take into consideration the spirit-stirring humanity appeal of the Ladies of Great Britain to the Ladies of America :

MOST ELEVATED TRANSCENDENTALS :

Your Committee having met, according to appointment, in the Hall of Imagination, resolved itself into the most fitting exponent of super-empyrean benevolence, and agreed that our benevolence always intensifies most and flourishes best when its object is in any body's reach but our own, did proceed to *resolve* as follows :

First—That whereas, facts and figures do materially impede the march of Transcendental Progress, it is hereby RESOLVED to disclaim, repudiate, and refuse to recognize as belonging to the human species, any specimen of the genus homo who shall decline to aid and abet, to the extent of his ability, in dethroning Statistics, Official Investigations, Parliamentary Reports and Scientific Demonstrations from their usurped supremacy over the mind of man ; and install in their place the very reliable lucubrations of that profoundly erudite, incontestably matter-of-fact and pre-eminently veracious class of historians, commonly known as novelists or romancers.

Second—That in consideration of the important services rendered by these disinterested though ill-used evangelists of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality," it is RESOLVED to request and advise all publishers to issue

their works hereafter, not from "love of filthy lucre," but "free gratis," for the good of the race: and other sympathy-mongers to combine and endow a college of criticism, with a capital of fifty millions, and authority to award premiums of from five to fifty thousand per annum, to the more meritorious of these High Priests of Utopian Theology.

Third—Be it also RESOLVED, That your commander-in-chief for the Home Department be instructed to despatch suitable officers into the Interior, with orders to make full and impartial investigation into all the grievances, moral and physical, said to exist not only in the obscure streets, dens, lanes and alleys of the populous cities, but also in the mining, manufacturing, and agricultural districts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the adjacent Province of France, and suggest the most expeditious mode of redressing the same; and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs authorized and otherwise empowered to invite the distinguished Charles Dickens and Eugene Sue to lecture our humane and intelligent countrymen on the enormities perpetrated, without their privity or concurrence, in the Schools, Factories, Workhouses, Hospitals, garrets and cellars of Paris and London, and designate such of our eminent citizens as are, in their opinion, the most proper persons to interfere promptly and efficiently in the premises.

Fourth—Being seriously apprehensive that a certain ultramundane region denominated Herschel is miserably deficient in light if not heat, this Committee do most unhesitatingly RESOLVE to petition Congress immediately for a grant of five hundred millions to erect and furnish

Observatories through which all sympathizers can examine critically into the state of that planet and the solar system generally; and also to charter forthwith THE GRAND CONCENTRIC UNIVERSE GAS COMPANY, with full power to lay pipes, establish reservoirs, contract for moonshine, levy subscriptions, and appropriate the right of way throughout the entire extent of those ulterior dependencies; Government being allowed to purchase one-half the whole stock in advance, at a premium of ten per cent., on condition that it give the President and Board of Directors *carte blanche* as to amount, and pledge itself to legalize and sustain all their acts and ordinances *ab initio*.

Fifth—Having observed with extreme pleasure the affectionate interest which enlightened denizens of our Territory of Great Britain evince in all our domestic concerns, this Committee do unanimously RESOLVE that the said Territory is now worthy to be, and hereby is, elevated by brevet to the rank and dignity of a Sovereign Independent State, with all the rights, privileges, and immunities, present and prospective, appertaining to any other member, oriental or occidental, now, or hereafter to be admitted into this grand confederacy; in ratification whereof this Committee tenders in behalf of society, the right hand of fellowship and fraternization to the right honorable and well-beloved transatlantic sisters and confreres, so nobly ambitious of competing with us the honor of re-organizing the whole social and material system.

And, *finally*—Be it resolved that this Committee do now adjourn, repair to the Pantheon of all Abstractions,

submit these resolutions, and ask to be discharged from further service.

FANCY TOPLOFTICAL, *Chairman.*

The foregoing Resolutions having been duly presented and passed by acclamation—the House previously resolving itself into Committee of the Whole for their reception—it was further RESOLVED, 1st; That the Committee be discharged with many thanks for its prompt and harmonious action, and very able and lucid exposition of the precise views and objects of this Society; and, 2d, That copies of these and the aforesaid resolutions be immediately transmitted to agents and coadjutors in all parts of our jurisdiction; and the Pulpit and Press, without distinction of sect or party, be invited and required, under penalty of our displeasure, to give them and the principles therein so luminously embodied, all the sanction, advocacy, and dissemination which their own intrinsic merit, and the exigency of the case, so imperiously demand.

By order of the Board,
SERAPHINA ST. CERULEAN, *Pres.*

TRANSCENDENTIA RANT,
Corresponding Sec. and Amanuensis Extraordinary.

Attested Copy.
LUNATIUS VISIONNAIRE, *Recorder.*

* * * * *

Capital hit, that of yours, Mr. Dick, getting me the first copy. Keep an eye on their proceedings; but re-

member what company you are in, and mind your king Charles' head.

"Shouldn't wonder if Mrs. President had the Veiled Prophet's vow !"

Like enough

BETSEY TROTWOOD.

THE DARK HOUR.

"I am clean forgotten as a dead man out of mind ; I am become like a broken vessel."

Oh, my spirit's chord hath lost its tone,
Hope's sparkling sands are running low,
And the weary days, the long, the lone,
Nor cares, alas, how soon they go !

Yet the Southern heart 's warm and true
As the seraph sheen on wing of light ;
And like moon-kiss soft on honey-dew,
Just such is its smile of gentle light :

But the stranger's heart is dark with woe,
And the minstrel harp is all unstrung ;
For unheeded falls that music's flow
That falters on a stammering tongue.

LA SUPERNUMERAIRE.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

"THE ALL-SEEING EYE."

THOU God seest ! Man may fail
And crush the bruised reed till it break,
Its quivering harpstring's dying wail
For passion's lurid tempest take ;
But THOU GOD SEEST all the soul ;
Its crushing wrong, its dark despair
Is mirrored in thy open scroll,—
A *juster* judgment waits us there !

L.

TO

MY WILL-O'-WISP DAUGHTER, FANNY FERN.

FANNY, my child, your mother does know you are out, but means to let you have your own way, without any fuss, as all reasonable, well-behaved parents should, when they know they can't help themselves. •

But my dear, why don't you strike all round when you get the "cat" in your hand, instead of stopping short with a few ill-bred editors, whose mothers, poor silly things, never taught them the first principles of civilization. I don't half like such invidious distinctions. There's the whole tribe of "Itching Ears now,"—just listen at them, when they happen to pounce on a suspected contributor, or get a real live author by the button ! One would think they'd bought him instead of his book or article, and ten to one if they didn't

borrow that. And yet what a sweet howl they'd set up, if, after carefully folding down the page of a letter, you should deliberately turn it up and read every mortal syllable before their face and eyes. You might as well be at an Irish wake ; they wouldn't stick to call you "*an unlicked cub*," and your respectable parentess a "*she-bear*."

Hurting people's feelings, I take to be the main object of "*blowing them up*," and when they haven't any to hurt, it's labor lost ; and 'twould break your dear little heart to see your venerable mother fatigue herself to no purpose ; but couldn't you, honey, just give them a little oil of Lash ? Do now, that's a good child ; and much oblige your dutiful mamma,

FRANCES FERN, Sen.

January, 1858.

FILIAL.

"Oh, annoyed are you ? Well, I told you so, with all your old frumpery notions about decorum, and delicacy and urbanity, just fit to rusticate with Chinese mandarins and Dutch burgomasters in some old landscape garden. And good enough for you, too ; you never would learn to clear a brush fence and dash through a nettle patch properly !"

Hush, Fanny, hush ! That isn't the civil chat for a model mamma who knows her place and conducts so sensibly ! "Give 'em a little oil of Lash ?" To be sure she can, or she's no half-sister of mine ; and if she

won't, I will. Any thing to oblige you, ma'am, so long as it chimes in with my own humor, and you keep quiet and treat your children respectfully ; so walk up here, every man, woman and child of you, and see if you don't catch it.

You're a pretty looking set, now : hold up your head you omadhoun there ! It isn't enough, is it, that every guessing, prying, keyhole editor in the land must be bragging that Mr. SO-AND-SO, "the inevitable Mr. So-and-so," shook him by the paw, or walked into his sanctum, but *you* must infest the high seas to waylay and capture all innocent fugitives from notoriety ? Who gave you "*Letters of Marque*," I should like to know, that you've any right to board a strange craft, and order the captain to stand and deliver "a full and particular" of his own private history, with that of the crew and all other cargo ? "*Haven't got any, eh ?*" Thought as much—and, harkee, Mr. Scout, and you, too, Captain Itemizer Longbow, my wife's cousin, Sourkrount Snapdragon, Esq., says he's kin to old Judge Lynch, and thinks an unhung spy, unlicensed privateer, and poacher at large, little better than PUBLIC NUISANCES !

And here are you, too, modest Mrs. Dotell, with your old aunt, Eve Whatdoes ! Have you ever a Bible between you, with a word in it about Busybodies, and don't you feel ashamed of yourselves now ? No, you don't—you haven't got sense of propriety enough to feel ashamed at any thing ! It won't be long before the whole tribe of you'll be popping into my store, just to buy a shawl or borrow a calico dress, and then coolly

expect me to furnish you a whole suit of underclothes,
of the choicest superfine, from that down, free gratis !

You'd better, you had.

CRAB' THE SECOND.

AN INVALID'S SOLILOQUY.

"I had no place to flee unto, and no man cared for my soul!"

"JUDGE NOT," some chain the willing footstep stays,
Thy brother's heart, perhaps, is vexed with care :
A sister knows not of the bitter days
That thought sits brooding o'er its lone despair.

LIFE, HEAT, how should *they* know how cold is DEATH,
How fiercely gasps the encoffined mind
To catch once more the gush of living breath ?
Lone, doubting heart, think better of thy kind !

Think yet again, oh thou of little faith,
He lives, who ne'er forsakes, though all forget ;
LOVE, STRENGTH and TRUTH is pledged ! His bow
"thus saith,"

Serene and high, spans all the darkness yet.

LA SUPERNUMERAIRE.

TO A BRIDE.

MRS. J. L. M., OF LOUISIANA.

God bless the beautiful and young,
God bless the weary, sad, and old ;

I will not shame my poet's tongue
By envy of thy double gold.

Thy spirit's wealth is rich and rare,
Thy life's young rose hath known no mould,
And worthy thou of fate so fair :
God keep thy *heart* from growing old !

L. L.

LOGIC AND DEFERENCE.

"MY GRANDMOTHER !" "Well, what ?" "Nothing, you old quiz, I didn't mean you, you know I didn't," says my eldest hope, "but here's this newspaper, throwing up that crazy tomboy of a New York gal that went gallivantin in her brother's Sundays (more fool he not to wear 'em himself), and telling the 'prim spinsters and strong-minded matrons' they didn't know 'what it was all a comin' to' when they were talking short skirts and 'woman's rights.'—Isn't it awful ?"

"Yes, *very*," replies my sensible mamma, "and that isn't half—there's been a whole book printed about some Yankee she Debby that went a soldiering in the Revolutionary war, and got discharged, and married and pensioned ; and more, too, about one Joan of Arc, that they pretend went philandering up and down dressed in mail, and fighting on horseback more like a born fury than a decent, honest, Christian woman ; and got burned at last as a witch for her pains !—You see they never do come to any good."

"Hold on there, old 'un, you're coming it a leetle too strong, that 'ere all happened before Bloomer and Convention were born !"

"That doesn't make a bit o' difference, sonny ; it's all owing to Mrs. Pantalets and Miss Strongminded. And that isn't the worst either, for ever since their disgraceful outbreak passed with impunity, some other ridiculous creatures—ambitious snips of tailors or clothiers no doubt—have been suspected of unlawful designs upon the heads of community ; and now it seems some barbarous wretch has got this poor editor's '*hat*,' and you see yourself there isn't a particle of brains left !"

"MY EYE, *no there isn't*," says Crab' the third, chucking down his gourd-case with a decided 'you don't get *my brains*, see if you do' air ; "but do you know, old Specs, I wonder you and all the old fogies don't take up for Miss Convention and Mrs. Fillibuster !"

"I take up for them ? *I!*"

"Yes, you ; why not ? They're the *exact reverse* of that swaggering, lying, 'sack-imbibing old varlet,' Jack Falstaff !"

"So they are, boy, so they are, for *he* was 'not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others !' Enough said."

Right smart boy, that, my son Crab'—if his granny doesn't spoil him !

CRAB' THE SECOND.

WILSON COLLEGE LIBRARY - WILSON LIBRARY

NEW LORDS, NEW LAWS.

MISS BETSEY'S INAUGURAL, *March 4th, 1853.*

INKHORNS, POUNDTEXTS, COMPOSITIONSTICKS :

ATTENTION, all of you ! Try and keep quiet, and walk a chalk, will you ? I've got something else to do besides following you up all the while to keep you from making perfect sillies of yourselves ; but just let me catch you playing the fool with your "little go," stirring up, and perverting President Pierce's twenty-six battalions any where in this republic of letters, and see if I'm not down upon you with rod and lictor !

BETSEY TROTWOOD, *Censor.*

DID YOU EVER ?

No, *I never !* I really am ashamed of you—*you*, I mean, Mr. Editor—you, who sit on a three-legged stool ; you, to whom the people look up, to talk such bad grammar, and confound genders after this fashion ! Don't you actually know any better, or do you suppose your paper unfit for ladies' eyes, that you are always talking about your "*readers*," and say never a word about the *readeresses* ?

Try and mend your ways, will you, and oblige this present writeress.

BETSEY TROTWOOD, *Censor.*

THE ENGLISH IS A STRONG LANGUAGE.

"STRONG," no mistake about that!—*strong*, I should rather think it was, to be identified at this present, after all the hauling and pulling, and twisting and screwing, to make it "walk round about the truth," till there's scarce a word with an inkling of its original signification left!

Here's WOMAN now, once it meant a companion "*meet*" for man, when man was made in the image of his Maker; now, a poor vulgar creature made (for other people's convenience) out of the refuse clay, unfit for the crystal and china wares of creation. *Then*, when this "woman" was lawfully married, she was the *wife* of her husband. "And isn't she now, pray?"

Not a bit of it, sir! She's nothing in the world but his *lady*; that is, some sort of feminine appendage—it may be his sister, his neighbor, his cousin, or it may be something else, not altogether so presentable; so you'd better keep your eyes open, and make your own inferences—I can't help you, though it's evidently some incumbrance between him and the rest of the baggage.

And LADY, too;—old writers tell us it comes from *lafdy*, a contraction of *laf*, a loaf, and day, which signified a *loaf-giver*; that is, a domestic sort of personage rather given to benevolence and hospitality. Now, it means a bundle of intense selfishness done up in "a mighty void of sense," and moulded by fashion into a walking advertisement of more millinery, gewgaws, and other dry goods—no matter whose or how come by—than any small craft could make good sail under, if she

hadn't shipped more airs than would float a balloon. And then GENTLEMAN! Time was when *that* meant "*a man without fear and without reproach,*" now it means—shades of all the Bayards, what does it mean?

Well, I don't wish to be too critical, and the English certainly is a strong language and a copious, but it strikes me it can't quite come up to that definition! * * * * *

Here Miss Betsey—you've heard of my aunt BETSEY TROTWOOD, the new CENSOR, haven't you?—gave an "insane tilt" of her beaver at my bundle of rods and fainted, just as one of the new specimens bawled out the name of another changeling, CHARITY, in excuse for fagging a young girl to death, whose father he had swindled out of his last dollar, and into a drunkard's grave.

I know it's no manner of use this "tickling a *rhinoceros* with straws," and have my doubts about the propriety of casting "pearls before swine;" but suppose I must do her bidding, or be reformed out of office, and lose all the reward of my uncommon filial piety; so, do you know, sir, that of two inspired apostles, *one* gives the definition of that word synthetically and sententiously as LOVE, and the other goes into the analysis more elaborately? Of course you don't, and it's a wonder to me that some enterprising colporteur, or getter-up of pious young story-books for grown-up old children, don't think of interspersing a few texts of Scripture in the Price Current, for the benefit of those who never read any thing else; but neither of *them* ever dreams of confounding it with throwing ("by order of the

board") a dog's bone with a dog's treatment, at some audacious wretch who brings his misery "between the wind and your nobility," and then chanting loud pæans to your own munificence, and caustic invectives on his ingratitude.

Ingratitude, indeed ! And what for should he be grateful ? That you have pelted off a nuisance with dirty coppers and more bitter words, more to relieve your own eyes than his necessities ? Don't he know, as well as you, how easily you can poke your hands into your own pockets, say, "*so many appeals to charity,*" and "pass over on the other side," when they are only reported to you ? To be sure he does ; and don't he know, too, that this very "*so many,*" is generally proof positive that you never respond to any ? None better ; and here you swell up, as if the world never saw the like of such magnanimity, because you take in an orphan child, as well if not better born than your own, and their equal, or superior, it may be, in every thing but present position ; or (when you can't help it) patronize in some sort an unfortunate acquaintance, that you were once proud, perhaps, in your very heart's core, to call your "*friend,*" make her the bond slave of all your wills, exact ever after the labor of a Hercules, the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, the devotion of a martyr, the love of a seraph, and the servility of a toady ; and then feel amazed beyond measure if she isn't willing, ever after, to go to perdition, if necessary, to save you and yours from "dying of a rose in aromatic pain." MONSTROUS, isn't it, this "black ingratitude of

human nature" (certes if it exists), and altogether inexplicable ?

Not quite ! Did you never reflect, that "*man is of three natures, requiring all for charity,*" that no one feels specially thankful for what he has paid for, over and over, and that this very proscribed ingrate feels in his secret soul that you *have* taken your pay drop by drop out of his heart's blood to the very last farthing, and ten times over, *in the pleasure* of trampling down, in your coldness, your passion or your pride, all the independence of his nature—scoffing, sneering, deriding and ignoring all the finer feelings of his being ? And he *has* paid you, for "a man's self-respect is worth more to him than money, and evil is the charity that humbleth and maketh man less happy !"

Once I saw a lady engage some domestic "finery," and wear it too, despite her own excellent taste, lest the ingenious manufacturer should consider the purchase a mere pretext for bestowing a few dollars which she herself but ill could spare ; and that *was* charity, but yours—go to, you don't even understand its first principles, never take the word in your mouth again till you know what it means ! You have *not* given "to diligence as to an equal," and the extorted pittance is deadly aconite to the soul !

CRABTREE AP CRAB', 1st Lictor

"WHY DON'T THE STATE OF MARYLAND PUT
HIM (*Rev. Mr. S.*) IN PETTICOATS?"

SURE enough, why don't it? I am afraid flannels and domestics must be scarce, and my own stock is getting rather low; but inasmuch as he "that hath two coats" is enjoined to "give to him that hath none," I'll try and squeeze out one rather than he and his brethren, lay and clerical, who figure on the opposite side, shouldn't be properly attired.

But why in the name of common sense—if she isn't defunct—can't they see, that when the third gender goes about to raise a fuss, "kick up a row," and "elevate the ancient Henry" generally, there's no way like "letting it alone very severely," if they want it to go home and mind its own business, if it's got any, and leave them to do the talking; which it never will so long as they keep it before the public in so many pointless jests and pithless invectives, evincing nothing half so clearly as a hearty good will to be witty and sarcastic if they only could.

Well, there's a vast deal of weakness and wickedness stirring, no doubt; but it strikes me a Highland seer would have thought of turning his own coat before making so *many* mislicks; yet here they all are, and never a man of them dreaming that he's only playing showman and "second fiddle" to this fillibustering *lusus*, and keeping it in countenance, by showing the world that there can be something a little more ridiculous!

Here, you "*young Harry*," lay that flattering unc-

tion on the pulpit and press, or never say "*copy*" to me again.

BETSEY TROTWOOD, *Censor*.

ALABAMA.*

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE CITIZENS OF MOBILE AND MONTGOMERY.

BRIGHT land of "sweet waters," how falls on the soul,
All frozen and chilled in the Crescent's cold glare,
The balm of thy love ; and till life's latest goal
Be thy sons ever brave, thy daughters most fair.

Oh, Love is the light on the seraph's bright wing,
So dear to the eye that is glazing in death ;
In music Love steeps every cherub-harp's string,
And LOVE, holy love, is God's essence, he saith !

On the heart Genius flings his glory and pall,
Love bathes all its folds, and what splendor so rare ?
So, land of "sweet waters," the minstrel her all,
Breathes o'er thee this moment, in blessing and prayer.

L. L.

1858.

* SWEET WATERS, until some "pestilent researcher into antiquity" translated it "here we rest."

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Respectfully dedicated to those astute savans who never discover, "that in order to live WELL, people must live," nor that some women might possibly chance to miss the whole, sole and universal MISSION, if they should happen to starve to death beforehand, or after they get out of practice.

"To tell the hundreds and thousands of women struggling, in some form, for *subsistence*, that their MISSION is, 'to make good wives and mothers,' is simply to insult them most stupidly!"—GRIERLEY.

"A certain age, which is the most uncertain thing of all."—BYRON.

No, that it isn't ! Stick to poetry, my lord ; you've a rather respectable "knack of rhyming," but don't shine here, that's certain. There's WOMAN'S SPHERE, now, as much taller in the way of dubiousness, as metaphysics is head and shoulders over mathematics. Why, I tell you, man, it could give odds, carry weight and beat all hollow, at the very first clip, any other will-o'-wisp ever seen this side Adam's fall ! Hundreds upon hundreds have been doing their best to come up with it ever since the hue and cry was first started ; but it's no more use than diving for the philosopher's stone in a boiling caldron of patriotism. They might just as well have been hunting for—pshaw, "a needle in a haystack" is no sort of comparison—for—for—a fanatic's reason, a patron's memory, a client's gratitude, an office-seeker's modesty, or any other inconceivable "phe-no-me-na !"

Here Crab', speechmaking's your forte ; I'm out of breath, speak my speech !

"Certainly, ma'am ! You mean to say that they, that is, those *I'm* talking about, didn't, to be sure, look for it on stumps, or in the pulpit, the bar, conventions

and such like museums and menageries, not even Uncle Sam's over in Washington there ; because, being in the main honest, sensible, 'law-abiding' citizens, they knew, of course, it wasn't to be found in any such unlikely, outlandish, rowdy-like, ridiculous places, though it can't be denied that some of them, editors, teachers and doctors for instance, did pry into others nearly as conspicuous, improper and disreputable ; but, as was said before, not the first one of them ever got possession."

"The Mrs. Delicacys—sweet, gentle, retiring, lady-like, or poor sickly creatures—led off. And if any body could have found it, you'd have thought they might, for they couldn't, or wouldn't, or didn't look for it in any thing so masculine as 'business,' whether able to fee one set of agents for doing it, and another for overseeing them or not ; and any gentlemen of their acquaintance would, you know, 'attend to it with a great deal of pleasure,' if they only had time and didn't happen to forget it ; but what with smoking cigars, 'cussing' and discussing politics, icing brandy-smashers, and trying to raise poles to the height of human folly, they were one and all 'so desperately hurried and worried,' that really 'they did wish women would quit making such rag-babies of themselves, take their own proper sphere and fill it, and not torment them to death with their everlasting importunity !' "

"How absurd, just as if it made the slightest difference whether *their* affairs were attended to now or some time after the day of judgment ; but then, poor creatures, I suppose they can't help *thinking it does*, sometimes, so it's rather a pity, but what they might."

"Don't be so sarcastic, Mr. Dick, one old quiz like Crab' here is enough for any family ! "

"One too many, perhaps."

"Quite likely, but go on, Ap ! "

"Well, *they* missed it, you see, and their cousins, the Mrs. Easys, who slipped quietly down from parlor to kitchen, from house to pig-stye, and as fast as real estate disappeared put the more personal property in its place, didn't do a bit better ; for as soon as it was discovered that every individual piece had the kind of flaw called "a mouth," some men thought, and thought pretty loud too, that a woman's legitimate sphere didn't consist in lumbering up the world with rubbish that couldn't even be turned over to the sheriff, or thrown in with other live stock to eke out 'a capital speculation.' "

Mrs. Hold-her-own, Lookout, and Mind-her-own-business, agreed with them—wouldn't even look for it in the nest of that old goose, whose custom it was to lay golden eggs, be picked, plucked, starved, and otherwise "done to death," to enable her lord and master to cut a dash and astonish all out-doors—had no faith in their "*mission*" to enrich the family circle with half a dozen loafers, and as many more walking brandy bottles or milliners' shops, apiece—didn't worship St. Griselda, admire "water lots," paper cities, and other ingenious inventions, for enabling keen-sighted fiscal operators to see quite through their own property and their wives' too ; nor believe, most religiously, in loving their neighbors a great deal better than themselves ! Of course nobody expected *them* to find it ; and every righteous usurer, gambler, or rumseller, unjustly defrauded of his three or

four hundred per cent. ; every disinterested "friend of the family," choused out of some "smashing business" by stupid prejudice against new scrip and absurd love of old parchment ; every charitable, public-spirited lawyer, trustee and guardian, unfortunately interdicted from building hospitals, churches and colleges, at the expense of his client or ward ; every ill-used tenant, forced by legal hocus-pocus to balk some "capital fellow" of a landlord of champagne frolics, oyster suppers, dice and other condiments of the back saloon, when he could just as well furnish him a trifling advance at a slight discount of fifty or sixty per cent. as not, was, you may be sure, *utterly and instinctively shocked and disgusted* with such insolence, meanness, unnatural suspicion, revolting selfishness, and most shameless and unfeminine intervention !

The world had got to a pretty pass,—it had indeed, if all good-fellowship, inventive genius, the interests of commerce, scientific demonstration, individual and joint-stock enterprise were to be held in check by silly woman's caprice ! What should she know of banking and trading and splendid operations, altogether above her ken ? What right had she to go "*mixing herself up with men's business*," find out that her confidential friend had got her last dollar invested in his own name, and make him refund before they, his sworn chums, choice spirits, and honorable creditors, could get hold of it ? It was infamous, indeed it was ! If woman hadn't sense enough to consult her *true interest*, confine herself to her own sphere, and see only through man's optics, it was time somebody taught her that it was ! They, for their

part, didn't see what *law* was made for, if it couldn't protect men's rights a little better ; and long and loud they bewailed their own hard fate, and sobbed, "our sufferings *is* intolerable !" But when one Biddy O'Niverfail slipped into a vulgar "*hell*," pounced on her own silver spoons and made off with the dollars "scraped together jist to pay the rint, buy the wee bit o' coal, and the darlint's shoes," *then didn't they use strong language*, Oh, but didn't they ?

It took three full hours before they could find a sheet of paper strong enough to hold it, and four "good men and true," sworn to make her a public example and defend all henpecked husbandry from such high-handed outrage in future, to carry it and her effigy up to the pillory ; but as ill-luck would have it, the "old un" (who is always on hand to help his own, I think) had one of his regular "limbs" articulated there, and what did the sneering little imp—knowing he couldn't look innocent if he tried—*do*, the moment he set his eyes on "*left my bed*," but stick his arms akimbo and ask if "my uncle" took in lodgers, and when he came to "*and board*," screw himself up into a most diabolical twist, and hint that she "might have been scrouged out from under the doggery table ?" Consequently the "Old boss" (I don't mean *the very oldest one*), after administering, as was proper, a sharp box on the place where young Impudence's jaw had been, and ascertaining that the other culprit wouldn't be like to go security for his (the printer's) fee, concluded that such "*low personalities*" were beneath the notice of first class papers like his ; though he kindly volunteered to make

the affair a sort of standing, unwritten text for all the grave homilies, reprimands, affectionate appeals, fatherly admonitions and "grand palavers" which he and other argus-eyed might from time to time see fit to bestow on the sex at large, irrespective of rank or class. So in the long run Biddy got off just as scot-free as any of the balance, and rather amused, if the truth must be told, at the witty little squibs, jests and jibes eliminated. "A very good wit" they all had ; it hurt nobody, but good does sometimes come out of evil ; thousands who never would have found time to make any exploring expeditions themselves, have in consequence been vastly enlightened as to the precise whereabouts and cosmogony of WOMAN'S SPHERE.

The very sight of a chart or guide-book throws all the Mrs. Mops and Miss Brooms into perfect ecstasies. "*The quiet and the shade is woman's sphere*, (oh, isn't that so nice and refreshing this warm weather ?) *the care of her infant offspring, her first and holiest duty!* (That's rather bad, as I haven't any "young ideas" to shoot, and yours are all grown up and out of the way ; but never mind, I dare say they'll have a general distribution of babies after a while.) *She must retire from public life* (to be sure we will, and glad of the chance), *its fierce struggles, angry strife, and sordid cares ; its noise and glare are not for her ;* (now doesn't that sound so sensible and refined ?) *it must ever grieve her BEST FRIENDS to see her mingling in the loud-mouthed, hardhanded strife of that unholy arena!*" "Dear, dear, how it must worry your poor father and husband, Carrie, for us to sit up all night writing their

sermons and editorials, when they've overdone themselves a little, eating and drinking for the good of humanity ! ”

“ Well, I must say I am sick and tired playing duenna to silks and domestics that will form improper, degrading alliances with the vulgar *scum* in spite of me, making a ‘a perfect figure’ of myself, hunting patterns all over town, but never knew before but what brother Charlie and my Edward took it all very patiently, if the collar only happened to fit. ”

“ And only to think what my dear departed John must have suffered, seeing me go to market every morning, and how like a saint he always bore it too ! If it hadn't have been for asking him for money now and then, I don't suppose I ever should have found it out. Maggie dear, if ever *you* get married, always remember, child, to have the *wicker basket* brought up with the patent leathers ! ”

“ Why mother, how you talk ! I don't expect even Boots would have me now, a great shameless, brazen-faced Amazon in public life, that's disgraced herself, performing at that vulgar theatre in A B C Hall ! If I had only gone to the Opera now — but I'm sure, I never *meant* to scandalize all my BEST FRIENDS. ”

“ And sister Harriet and I never dreamed how it hurt all their feelings, for us to look after the crop and mind the shop ; while Mr. Dragonstooth was dispensing mountain dew to his thirsty followers, demonstrating the origin of trade-winds in Bunkum, and the feasibility of superseding steam and Gulf Stream by this great motive power, and Mr. Drygoods, gone up with Mr.

Tripod and Rev. Dr. Decorum to the Observatory, to help Professor Tirewoman and President Count-the-skirts, take the attitude, latitude, and longitude, of Miss Virgo's drapery."

"No indade, madam, but of coorse it did; for they takes it so hard to see even the likes of me, trudging through rain and shine, to gather up the bit sewing, or carry home the week's washing, that they always blocks up the way, and crowds us off into the gutter if they possibly can!"

"Yes, but that's all over, Kate,—there's to be no more toil, and mud, and dust for us now; no parents are ever more to bring daughters into the world and leave them to shift for themselves; no father dare to die without first providing them at least one husband and two children apiece; no helpless young mother to be left with herself and family to provide for; no selfish, monopolizing spouse, dream of making his exit before looking up a successor; no stupid, obstinate, domineering, or worthless, unprincipled incumbrance, to force the *weaker vessel* to breast life's surges alone, or with some ignorant, reckless, gambling, drunken pilot at the helm; no faithless young lover to take himself off and leave his intended to wear the willow; no true-hearted one to wing his flight to a brighter sphere and bequeathe her the cypress! There's to be no more picking and choosing, taking one perhaps three or four times, and leaving another without any owner; an old maid or bachelor, is henceforth to be a thing Barnum couldn't find. Strict embargoes are everywhere to be enforced, and no wicked traitor to manifest destiny, presume to abduct himself

from his present abiding place so long as a single unappropriated, marriageable female remains. Uncle Sam is to make it his special duty to keep up a *corps de reserve*, to supply all accidental losses and deficiencies, preserve the balance of numbers between his nephews and nieces, and see that no careless, inefficient, or improvident wife lacks her full quota of 'little angels;' no disconsolate widow, pining, unaffianced, or contumacious, man-contemning 'old forlornity' stands 'all the day idle,' or shirks out under any pretext whatever from woman's uniform, unexceptional Mission. In short, there's nothing more for us to do, but expand our own graces in the serene atmosphere of domestic life, smile on our husbands, and nurse infant seraphs with folded wings; until they get *high* enough to draw maps of Woman's Sphere, on pulpit cushions and three-legged stools, and sketch designs for that monument we are going to build to the inventors of the same."

"Well, and thin, bless their dear souls, it won't be Kathleen O'Do-or-die that'll be withholding this contribution to that same;" but just at this identical moment, there came a sound "*so full of woe*," that every one knew instinctively it must be the summons from some ill-boding old raven, or ominous "Scrich-owl" (pretty birds of wisdom they are), which having elected itself Purveyor-General to the wants, moral, social, conjugal, and intellectual, of Messieurs Backwoods and Rising-generation long before young Backwoods and Rising-generation knew any thing where they were or what they wanted, now called for a draft of "Twenty Thousand" educationists, immediately; and intimated

HARVARD LIBRARY - WILFRED LIDMAN

pretty clearly that "FIFTY must be had," and the conscript renewed "every three years."

Mothers wept, daughters fainted, and even ancient spinsters folded their hands in blank despair! A few gallant spirits, however, with that calm steady light in the eye, that you would follow any where, to the van of a forlorn hope, flung themselves into the breach, declaring they would die at their posts sooner than be dragged one inch from WOMAN'S SPHERE. A few more loyal subjects rallied at length, and memorialized the CONSERVATORS; setting forth the extreme hardships of the case, the imperious tone, and despotic nature of the Ukase, and imploring them "to raise the siege and put their disciples in immediate and inalienable enjoyment of their own loved ideal!" A majority seemed to think some sort of transmigration or pilgrimage still intervened; but Mrs. Masterly-Inactivity sat quietly down, vowing "that if they chose to bring it round, it was all very well, but for her part, she shouldn't budge a solitary foot," and Mrs. Speak-her-mind, gave it as her opinion, "that it wasn't to be found this side Mahomet's Paradise, unless it lay in doing every thing that each and every individual man in the whole 'varsal world,' didn't care about doing himself!"

There was nothing left for it then, but to send a full delegation of the most illustrious Discoverers, Topographers, Censors, Legislators, and accomplished Man-Milliners, to wait on the Houris, and demand immediate possession; and in case they declined yielding the incumbency of WOMAN'S SPHERE, to do the next best thing—secure such a full and particular description,

portrait and pattern of the same, as should be perfectly adaptable to all persons, places, times, and emergencies :—not omitting, in mean time, to deploy a sufficient force from their own supernumeraries, to cover all vulnerable points, from the daring and insidious attacks of those seditious amphibiae (“neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring”), bent on slipping themselves into half-and-halves, for the better convenience of scaling walls, if foiled in their nefarious attempts to level boundaries.

“But why didn’t the strongminded in hats and ‘tights’ despatch them at once—hadn’t they ‘paper bullets’ enough?”

“Humph! why yes—no.—The fact is, the mischievous monkeys were so unprecedently thick-skulled, they wouldn’t know when they were killed! What would you advise, Mr. Dick, in such premises?”

“Have they committed any overt acts of hostility recently?”

“Oh yes, any amount of ‘high falutin,’ fillibuster and ‘*phifty-four-phortyism*,’ and one of the Argus-eyes says: ‘Strongminded woman is putting herself through a course of political ethics’ (must have good eyes to find them), ‘medical lectures, and newspaper essays!’”

“Oh, she is, is she? Well then, let them mind their own business, talk less nonsense, set better examples, pass better laws, make better prescriptions, write better articles, and devise better customs, and she’d have less occasion. That’s my opinion!”

“Bless you, Mr. Dick, your common sense is admirable!”

BETSEY TROTWOOD, *Censor*,
Per CRABTREE AP CRAB, 1st Lictor.

CHARLESTON.

I may not look upon thy quaint and gallant face,
But rightly art thou named, fair city of the Sun ;
First CHARLES in virtue, Second in thy grace,
Right regal is thy tone, and princely is thy ton.

LA SUPERNUMERAIRE.

MEMORIAL

*To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the
United States, in Thirty-Third Congress assembled.*

LEGISLATORS :—

The undersigned, your memorialists, respectfully represent, that the Magnetic Telegraph having become a special Humbug, and the Post-Office Department a most especial nuisance, public weal now requires that the same be instantly and utterly abolished; from and after such day and date as private enterprise and ingenuity shall have devised ways and means for transmitting letters and other papers in a trifle *less* time, than it takes foot passengers to make the trip in proper person ; —and, in the mean time, that the Executive be requested to issue Proclamation, so peremptorily and effectually restraining the great excess of animal speed, that no traveller shall hereafter presume to deliver himself, *more than a whole month earlier* than a public functionary can, letters and other missives started on the same day

and date for and from the same place and point; and also comprising stringent enactments, *exacting transmission* of thirty-three and a third per cent. of all despatches paid for in advance, and securing to individual and commercial interests, a *pro rata* of ten per cent. to every ninety per cent. allowed to Bunkum, and your Memorialists will ever pray.

BETSEY TROTWOOD, *Censor*.

CRABTREE AP CRAB,' *1st Lictor*.

LAWRENCE MELVILLE, *Sec. pro tem*.

LADY LACKLAND, *Supernumeraire*.

CLEVER AUTHORESS.

CLEVER the mischief! What do you mean, you double-faced satyr, by this blowing hot and cold in the very same breath? And what has my niece, Lady Lackland done, I should like to know, that she should be stigmatized "*authoress*?"

She doesn't go unwashed and unkempt, her belongings are no dirtier than other folks, nobody ever saw "fine greasy nightcaps deck her head," what business have you, then, to "soft-soap" her this way? She don't patter about slipshod, clatter about in hat and boots, nor lounge about in fantastic, tatterdemalion, woe-be-gone old wrapper from morning till night—never takes a pen for a soup-ladle, makes chocolate in a coal-scuttle, salts tea out of an inkstand, cuts muttonchops with a pearl folder, flutes ruffles on a gridiron, or mis-

takes, by any possible chance, your best sock (instead of vest) for a pudding-bag—can tell apple dumplings from sourkrout, dutch cheese from cabbage heads, raw, and other greens in unsophisticated state—never needs Spanish flies for inky fingers, or has to hunt all day and borrow a broom to-morrow, “to sweep the cobwebs from the sky,”—knows a thimble by sight, darning-needle by personal acquaintance—has more “premeditated poverty” than “accidents of the day” about the heels of her stockings—keeps her “little Jellybys” no worse off than their neighbors, her marital’s buttons and strings in good condition as most conjugals—his satrapship never grumbles (more than becomes a philosopher) about the dust on his coat, and the mud in his coffee, nor vows—oftener than is needful for the preservation of “discipline,”—that his shirt collars “never do fit,” and that’s more than your wife can say of you and yours ; and now, what right have you, you corduroy *simpletoness*, to infamize her, one of President Pierce’s subjects and my officials, with such an epithet as “*authoress*?”

It’s libellous I know, it’s actionable I believe, and if ever I find a gentleman “as *is* a gentleman,” that ever slept with a law book under his head, and isn’t besotted past *compos*, lest some high-stepping she-male should toddle into those placid absurdities of that intensely Statesprison-looking toggerly of his, I’ll have you prosecuted for defamation.

“*Authoress*,” you ninnified quintessimal of all ancient silliness, it’s a reflection on your respectable parentess, and it’s a wonder she don’t see you are out, and be after you with a gong-ette ! Ah, here she comes

—“ Oh Jamie, Jamie, bairn, weel a day that e'er ye should think to gang out by yer lone self, when ye ken weel enough, ye born natural, that it's oure and often I've tellt ye, ye had na the gumption to last over night ! Come haim, Jamie.”

Yes, you'd better, or you'll be apt to get Lictorized.

BETSEY TROTWOOD, *Censor*.

NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO.

FIRST-CLASS HOTELS.

NUMBER ONE, neat, comfortable conveyance from steamboat and depôt, free gratis. NUMBER TWO, fare extra (and discretionary with your surly captor), in a forlorn dirty old omnibus, that tells you the moment you are seated, and have time to look round, how completely you were “sold” by that dealer in irony, who asserted Number Two, to be “one of the first hotels in the country.”

Number One, handsome reception-room, where you can sit or recline at your ease, till the presiding genius comprehends intuitively where you and your belongings can be bestowed most entirely to your own satisfaction. Number Two, sit in the public gangway, or stand and hold up the banisters till somebody comes and shuffles you off into the first vacant space. Number One, ROOMS airy, good-sized, faultlessly clean, and not entirely cut off from all communication with the out-door

world ; Number Two, not very diminutive, but rather calculated to show off your accomplishments in the art of packing baggage in the smallest possible compass, and commanding a charming surveillance of the sayings and doings, gymnastics and callo-thumpion rehearsals of the whole kitchen *menage*.

Number One, CHAIRS, half dozen, rosewood and mahogany, spring-seat and cane-bottom ; Number Two, one Windsor, two cane-bottom, all very common. Number One, CARPET good, good of its kind, and in good preservation—not the slightest occasion for a score of Secession and Woman's Right newspapers to interdict an unholy alliance offensive and retentive between it and the soles of your shoes. Number Two, medium Scotch, judging from remoter parts, the more contiguous being so patriotically attached to the *soil* of their country, that, like other patriots, their precise stripe and color is a little dubious.

Mem. Fine thing, my Aunt Betsey's lost her specs, and off to the rescue of Mr. Dick, who was entrapped, poor man, while lying in a collapse after his great effort in the long closing speech on the Woman's Right question, and forcibly inducted, SHE THINKS, into the chair of Befoggery in the Transmundane, Cosmopolite, Hybridity Institute, by some *sur loi, sub terre*, kidnapping, manifestation kelpies ; though, my own opinion is, that he's been regularly burked, for not finding the NEW-LIGHT rapped out of empty heads, tilting chairs, and tipping tables ;—but don't we know somebody else, this side California, that would be apt to say, "*wash*" it, or send it on a short pleasure-trip at the stern of a

steamer, and see it come back, much reduced in specific gravity, but more improved in elasticity and general salubrity? Well, I reckon!

Number One, FIREPLACE marble, closed (supposing it to be summer), with highly polished fancy network, cast-iron grating, showing a background of spotless white; Number Two, hearth-brick painted red, fireplace plastered and whitewashed very fairly, and furnished with two green-footed andirons, supposed to be brass, and a pair, done up one in white, the other in newspaper. *Mem.* Convenient place to sweep other papers, and all sorts of trash—saves labor!

Number One, MOSQUITO-BARS, best lace, exquisitely white, tent style, suspended per centre, its graceful folds spread out at night without any hint of yours, and thrown back by day overhead of low French lounge bedstead, where you can get on and off just as easy as not. Number Two, scrapped and patched, cross-barred, and lace, very yellow *fixtures* (unless you understand “the hang” of the things, and can get them down yourself), over apparently new, but very suspiciously worm-eaten “testers” and regular turned post, high old-fashioned bedstead. If young, hale and active, you can take a flying leap, and light somewhere near the middle; if not, just shove a trunk or two alongside, and you’ll climb up after a while, may be.

Number One, COUNTERPANE, finest Marseilles, changed once a week, if you stay so long; sheets and pillow-slips twice ditto, and oftener, if a drop of tea, or speck of any kind, happens to bedim their spotless sheen. Mattress, new and fresh, double-spring, and very best

quality, that nothing but a guilty conscience could possibly make lie hard, if you should try by any fair means twenty-three hours out of twenty-four ; and all made to fit the bedstead and each other so exactly, you can't get *them* out of sorts and "all up in a mess," do what you will. Oh, you may haul and pull, and twist and screw, and turn and tumble, it's no use, there they are. Number Two, old dimity "cover" basted, darned, dirty and dingy ; sheets, &c., common cotton, the same dark-colored white, only "a little more so ;" setting you right off, if the least *bit* metaphysical, speculating on the probable prices of soap and water, and how many one dozen ironings are equivalent to any one washing, in *that* "first-class" establishment. Bed, about as elastic as the "soft side of a plank ;" but if wise, and not feeling about as amiable as a porcupine at bay, you won't carry your investigations into other people's domestic concerns much further ; indeed, there's no occasion *to look*. Pillows, twenty by nine inches, or thereabouts, but not very peripatetic, considering how much they have already outgrown their cases, their excursions (and those of their adjuncts) being generally bounded by big trunk on one side, and bureau on the other ; unless mosquitoes are "*very bad*," in which case Betty or Bridget will probably find them somewhere about the room, or just out of the window.

Number One, CENTRE-TABLE mahogany, with handsome cover and Bible ; wardrobe, side-table, bureau and washstand rosewood (like bedstead) ; the latter with marble-tops (Italian), to match hearth and mantel-piece. Furniture of washstand, &c., &c., all complete, double

sets ; wares, china, fine and white, full complement, made to order, and nothing wanting. Number Two, wardrobe and centre-table among the missing ; bedstead sycamore ; bureau mahogany face, and respectable glass, otherwise very ordinary, and much neglected. Washstand and side-table common deal, painted divers colors, to correspond with every thing, where nothing looks like any thing else, nor any two like each other. Furniture of washstand, one hard, dark towel per diem, with nearly half a set of common white and motley delf, minus a top here, bottom there, and handle somewhere else,—looking, for all the world, like trophies won in the grand scramble, after a general smash-up in some old crockery concern. Side-table, rather *hors du combat*, and shoved back out of the way into a dark corner ; but if you want to eat, or write, just help that choice collection to emigrate ; put one foot into the soap-stand (there's no cover, nor soap bigger than a wafer, to hurt or hinder), the other into the washbowl, and make yourself comfortable. They are quite clean *now*, you know, though I'm afraid you don't read your Bible as much as you should, or you'd remember, that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and not suffer that little finger-brush of yours to scrape acquaintance with all the coarse wedgewood and dirty stone-china in the country. Don't tell me there isn't any ; haven't you got one of your own, I should like to know ? And, besides, what right have you to go about compromising the dignity of the toga, by enacting the "old woman," who got so much dirt by sweeping up once a year, that

she wondered "what upon airth people did do with it all when they cleaned up every day?"

N. B. If the establishments were large, and yielded, in proportion as much dust, dirt, lint and feathers, as I've seen on and under some tables, beds and bureaus lately (I don't mean yours now, Number Two), I suspect they must have to employ a special train for its transportation; but that's a mere speculation.

Number Two, wheel round, turn a crank on the wall, and it's just as certain as "manifest destiny," that somebody 'll come up before you've half a chance to forget what you wanted, looking so neat and cheerful, polite, and perfectly respectful, that you can't possibly speak cross, or feel ill-natured, if you want to ever so much. Number Two, pretty fair cord and tassels, where you are welcome to exercise your patience and muscles all day, if you like—though I don't know so well about that, either, for when Paddy and Sukey can't stand "that confounded bell" any longer, it's a chance if some greasy, slatternly, blubber-lipped darky, or raw Celt—innocent of Anglo-Saxon as a Shanghai of high Latin—doesn't come up looking shillalahs and vinegar-cruets at you, as much as to say, "I'll tache ye better manners, sir, nor to be ringing me up any more, disturbing the swatest nap, or the natest reel in the world;" and I reckon you won't, if you can help it. But a word to you, Number One. People like to look at pretty pictures, you know, and how do you know but they sometimes ring oftener than they would, if you didn't keep some uncommonly good-looking ones about? *Verbum*

sap—Number Two, you see, understands this matter rather better.

Number One, FARE, every luxury that sea and land, capital and skill, can command ; got up in every conceivable style but a bad or indifferent one, as if to prove that it's not high living, but gormandizing,—not rich cooking, but bad cooking, that makes people sick. For *desserts*, the whole science of pastry and confectionery illustrated. Prelude, fresh bills of fare three times a day ; accompaniment, music to aid digestion. Number Two, half-boiled edibles for the vegetarian, raw enough to cook, and come again ; huge masses of fish, flesh and fowl for the carnivorous, with lobsters, shrimps (and, for aught I know, toads, frogs, snails, centipedes, and other *fresh-water* reptiles) yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, by way of variety. *Dessert*, sugar and lard—lard, sugar, and rice, slightly disguised with flour, and other variations. Music (about six hours every day), knife-and-fork prelude, plate-rattle chorus and gong interlude ; and tin-pans and callothumpions “hide your diminished heads,” you can't shine again after *that* gong ! Bill of Fare (once a day if you *insist*), a regular veteran in small type epaulettes, and most magnificent pen-flourishing “continuations,” that mean exactly what they *don't say* ; so if you fancy *Irish potatoes*, invaluable in a state of siege, where lead and bullets are exhausted, just mark “*green peas*,” or “*corn* ;”—underscore “*broiled chicken*,” and you'll probably get a huge chunk of black-looking meat, swimming in a whole plate—no, saucer, full of beef, or mutton tallow, but not so much as a little finger-napkin to bless yourself withal.

Comparisons may be "odorous," as Mrs. Malaprop says, and somewhat lengthy too, but it takes a first-rate artist to bring a "full length" before every mind's eye with one or two pen-and-ink dashes; so you see, Number Two, that if I hadn't gone into "specialty-pleas" like, you'd have lost all the beauty of contrast, and never known for certain whether it was yourself, or somebody else, that had the honor of sitting. And now, to show that I'm not playing censor, and putting on airs, like other subs, because my superior's out of the way; and have, after all, just as much "sneaking kindness" for you left, as could reasonably be expected from one of that flayed-alive, and barbecued set of mortals, called travellers,—I'm going, with a laudable zeal for your improvement, to put you in a way of seeing what's what, with your own eyes.

Just make up a wallet—I paid you enough for no value received, the fractions being about right, the units all extra, to help along considerable—then take up a line of march "straight for California;" but don't go as if shot out of a catapult, that isn't the way to learn any thing, and sea water is, I take it, about as salt one side of the Isthmus as the other; and some people along the coast fancy that "some things can be done as well as others." You'll find several nice settlements, or places where nice settlements ought to be; one, in particular, promises to be a right smart little village, when Lake Erie gets turned upside down into the Gulf of Mexico: but if you don't find Number One there, just go on till you do—when you come to the right place, any body can tell you which it is.

Should the unaccustomed quiet and apparent leisure get rather alarming, and you begin to feel some misgivings about remaining any longer in that enchanted castle, where every thing must be done by magic, or some invisible troops of fairies, it's all done so quick, noiselessly, and well, go right off to head magician, and make "a clean breast" of it. Having nothing in the world to fear from *your* rivalry, he won't mind enlightening you, till you can forget more in the next half hour than you ever knew before in all your life ; or taking you round to see what sort of fairies he does operate with. When you have digested all that, just "possum it" a day or two—no, that won't be necessary either—just think of going back to Number Two, and if that doesn't lay you up for a good week, you are a man of *some nerve*—that's all ! And, then, won't that attendant, who knows exactly what you want quite as well, if not a little better, than you do yourself, bring you every thing you ask for, and some others, which he thinks you ought to want, and would want, if you could only see them instead of the bill ? Of course he will ; and that elegant tea and dinner-service, with its superior cutlery, plate, china, and English glass, doesn't it look refreshing ? Certainly ; and those fine waiters, too—too fine not to be covered afresh three times a day with the finest and glossiest of damask ; and those peerless napkins, looking so like incarnate light, or woven snow-wreaths—stop ! you don't presume to think of laying your unholy, earth-worm fingers on that visible purity, without first breathing a sigh for some similar lustration to reach your own sin-soiled, word-worn spirit ! If you do, you are a

sinner "past praying for," I fear ; but Number One doesn't know that, and won't he call up to see you—see if you will have a physician, or any thing else ; send up his compliments to know how you are, with books and papers to amuse you—the paragraphs all marked that he thinks will specially interest you—and bring up agreeable company to entertain you ?

To be sure he will—no kind of doubt of it ; ask if there is any thing else he can do for you—do it, too ; collect information, and let you know when it *is* done, without waiting for you to inquire ; give you his advice (and it's a better article than you get every day free gratis) ; and all this time do you ever catch him looking icebergs, thunderbolts, and percussion-caps, till you expect every moment to hear, "*Confound your impudence !*" (or some other wicked words,) "do you suppose I've got nothing else to do, but look after you and your affairs ?" No, you don't—you would really suppose he thought it *was* his business how his guests enjoyed themselves—his special pleasure to supply your want of tact and judgment ; and a pretty heavy surplus capital he must have to make up for some people's deficiencies, as I happen to know !

Well, you feel better, now, don't you ? Yes, I see you do ; and when *you see* how much one kindly heart and master-spirit can perform, you feel very much like breaking every glass that reflects a flurried, petulant, impatient face, giving Paddy a clean shirt, Sukey and Sambo at least one pound of soap and a bucket of water apiece, and starting all those coarse, odd, black-looking old saucers, that you use for plates, with that

common, dirty-handled, broken-tined cutlery, and the rest of that "tag-rag and bobtail" dining and bedroom furniture (that in the parlor will do a while longer if you'll only have the piano tuned), off to some beggars' auction—of course you do, and won't forget those young half-breed, Japan and sheet-iron waiters either ! Then there's that antique gem of the kind, the one you know that—ahem, it's an ugly word, and as you are going to reform—you mean to, don't you ?—why, I won't say it ; though how you ever did get off scot free with such a treasure, I'm sure I can't divine ; but you'll send it right back to the plain of Shinar, won't you ? The one I mean that was made out of Mrs. Noah's two old worn-out dustpans, spliced together in the middle. And not a bad idea that of the maker, nicking off the four corners to give it somewhat of an octagonal air, though it's a pity his "sodder" all "give out," so that he had to leave them all standing "every which way for Sunday," it gives it such a reckless, "torn-down" appearance ; or if you don't like to "acknowledge the corn," and think Mr. Layard won't care, just hand it over to me, and I'll do my best to get it to the World's Fair, spite of all the Barnums in existence. But don't let P. G. have it, whatever you do, for he'd be certain to label it "*Master Tubal-Cain's first specimen, made out of Mrs. Eve's camp-kettle* (though we all know it's a much more modern affair), put it in a glass case, and give it an alligator, cobra, rattlesnake, and, boa constrictor, for a guard of honor to keep it safe out of reach of all the antiquaries in the world ; and you know I go against humbugging the public, and don't even approv

of your calling yours "a first class hotel," when ("faith of honest man") I didn't see any thing "first class" there, unless it was the PRICES—and they *were* about up to the very tallest—and that magnificent old cockroach, and really I shouldn't wonder if *he* was Grand Patriarch of the whole tribe !

"STEAMBOATS *and sea-sarpints*," why, what's the matter now ? I'm sure I haven't said any thing particular—not even told what a city with a beautiful name you live in ! Don't flare up so, man o' live, you might pitch into a collapse or on to a snag ; and, besides, what sort of behavior is this, when I'm talking to you in such a fatherly kind of way ? Don't you know "*it hurts me a great deal worse than it does you, and it's all for your own good, and you'll thank me for it some day*," as Mrs. Doctor Birch used to tell her hopeful progeny, when taking them through a course of the tallest kind of sprouts ; and for which good service not the first one of the ungrateful little wretches ever has thanked her to this day, that ever I could learn ?

But don't you imitate their naughty example, for if you don't go right home and strike your colors down to half-mast, or run up your accommodations to high-water mark about the quickest, all the world will know you have a great deal more impudence and less ignorance than I give you credit for !

CRABTREE AP CRAB', 1st Lictor.

PROMISING PATRON.

SAYS Mæcenas the little, I'm *very* profound,
 Though to shallow-pate Euclid I do condescend,
 But with foot in the clouds, *caput* vast on the ground,
 This sublimity *mia*, need never unbend !
 AS PATRON I'll call and subscribe though—provided
Stultissima femine will have the said call—
 Not now, but some day when the thing is decided
 Past doubt—ten dimes *isn't much*, but my heart is so
small !

LADY LACKLAND, *2d Lictor.*

LAY SERMON TO PRIEST AND PRELATE.

BY LADY LACKLAND, SECOND LICTOR.

"I was sick, and ye visited me."—MATTH. xxv. 36.

HAS your Reverence the Doctor or Pastor, your Right Reverence the Bishop, done this ; or has he, in the opinion of the impartial, sullied the purity of his lawn with the stain of worldliness, by *acting* "to the grief of those whom God hath wounded ?"

Should a Christian man return evil for good ? Should a gentleman insult, either by neglect or overt indignity, a lady, and his equal ?—one never accustomed, from birth, education, or life-long association, to weigh the dictate of conscience in the balance of expediency ; and, consequently, little qualified—despite some

reverses that would have crushed a parvenu spirit back to its plebeian level—to tolerate moral cowardice in positions which might (if they do not) enable the incumbent to act promptly and rightly, without first consulting a rent-roll or barometer of caste.

Should a man of the world, knowing the world's maxim, *nemo me impune lacessit*, and himself, evidently, "a man of like weakness and passions with others," venture, while adopting, unconsciously perhaps, her brief clerical portrait, and *accepting her gift*, to turn round and smite the giver too rudely on the one cheek, in the presumptuous hope that she alone of all the world would, by the grace of God, evince "that meek and quiet spirit which turns the other also?" Should a humane man—aware that though "the spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, yet a wounded spirit who can bear?"—do this, when the naturally keen susceptibilities of the woman had become morbidly sensitive by severe and long protracted mental and physical torture? Should a prudent man, a mere denizen of earth, "earthy," and no Ithuriel seated on a sunbeam, hold himself more scathless from a woman's pen, than did Napoleon in his hour of prime? Should a politic, worldly-wise man, even, so wantonly dissipate that "odor of superior sanctity," that prestige of an unction from on high, on which his social as well as sacerdotal supremacy, so preëminently rests?

Above all, should the disciple esteem himself so much "wiser than his Master, or greater than his Lord," that he *can* venture to offend his "little ones," that he can condemn the plain ritual of his instructions, pro-

claiming what is that religion "which is pure and undefiled before God and the Father"—that he can dare to say, *I will not*, when the Great Shepherd says, "FEED MY SHEEP?"

And, finally, is it meet that "He, by whose stripes we are healed," should be again stricken and wounded in the house of his friends—that He whose kingdom "is not of this world," should be thus publicly mocked and insulted by his own "Ambassadors" flaunting the livery of "the god of this world" in his face, vaunting his maxims and outstripping his own votaries in the race, till the profane world itself is shocked, and turns round to inquire, not "*what do ye more*," but "*why do ye worse than others?*"

* * * * *

CHARITY.

Latest style and most orthodox pattern for pious Mrs. Plutus to read a New Publication through, decline the purchase, and insult the author with the offer of "DONATIONS!"

A HORSEMAN comes with boot and spur,
 My lord returns him thanks with speed :
 "And wherefore so, most noble sir?"
 "Because you did not bring your steed!"
 A reason good, why I should thank
 This opera-going a-per!
 She read, 'tis true, but to be frank,
 She did not steal—the type and paper!

LADY LACKLAND, 2d Lictor.

P. S. "How *honest* grows the city queen,"
(So Crab', a saucy South, maintains)
"Bodies she used to take, I ween,
But now she only takes the brains !"

L. L.

NEW BROOM.

SUCH a *dust* ! Needn't think to throw it in my eyes though ; don't put her glamour *on me*, I'll promise, if she has got "the evil eye !" My poor aunt BETSEY ! who would have thought it ? I won't believe it *any how* !—No, there never was any room under that old beaver for "a bee in the bonnet,"—she's bewitched her, that's certain !

I see you don't believe it—how should you ? *You* haven't caught her ~~again~~—*her* with Uncle Sam's commission in her pocket,—and a better or wiser he never made, for never were such another office and incumbent so exactly fitted to each other, going about to disgrace herself and me, by consorting with—you don't know how it hurts me to expose my venerated relative, but the truth must come—with a *poetizer* !

Oh, you may shake your head, but it's no use ; I'd wag mine all day if it would do any good, or drive off this new waif of hers, the impudent minx, to set plain, straightforward words all a crabbing—cruikshanking decent English into doggerel—and then bring me in, "art and part," to such atrocities ! May rhyming seize me, if I don't believe it was this very *harp-y* herself

that set the brother ghouls, elves, and jackals, on the trail of poor lost Mr. Dick, and "between you and me and the gate post," haven't a doubt she made way with my respected aunt's excellent old specs, lest *she* should put a stop to her own infamous proceedings !

Now, not a purse-proud old dotard can presume to make a fool of himself, but he's down in a proclamation, and up in a pillory—not a supercilious editor ignore the difference between *not being prepared* and "not being called upon," not a son of a decimal refuse a lady a trivial act of common civility, and keep her waiting in the hot sun "bothering" about a few fractions of percentage till she faints outright,—not a "lord spiritual" or a "lord temporal," nor even a fancied mob (and pitiful snob), the veriest scum thrown up by the seething elements of society, can neglect the amenities or outrage the humanities ; but she's down upon him with a sermon or squib, just as if our respectable firm was nothing more than a regular *vase factory*, where they turned out poetry to order ! And such *po-e-try*, ye gods, only listen !

"A new-fledged author does her utmost to be civil,
(Most people worship still the Spirit of all Evil),
Yet you're '*not called upon* to praise or blame,' you say !
And were you to be rude, sir chivalry, I pray ?"

There's Scripture measure for you, and again—

"'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet'—
It might, if one could trust his own especial nose ;
But Shakspeare, dear, that does not prove it right or meet,
To call each dry, old, crabbed stick, by name of *rose* !"

No more it don't, and how edifying that must be to all innate intelligences who "don't care to read any more" (and never did read any before), though I've known people that liked to hear something *new* occasionally ; but isn't this rich ?

"My Lady Lackland's gone deranged, they say !"

A quiz, you may be sure, what proof, I pray ?

'Too much, alas ! the case is very plain—

She thought to find a *gentleman* in WAYNE !"

"Rich," of course it is ; but you see she's got no more conscience than a corporation (little enough, for that matter, to set up half a dozen of them, it's my belief), so if a word happens to suit rhyme, or measure, down it goes ; and if it chances to mystify the reader, so much the better, for she's taken up an absurd crotchet, that *facts* belong to the public, *names* to the owners, as if the first mother's son could ever relish the most ill-natured epigram ever seen, if it didn't take off his own particular ; so you'll have to find out by your learning whose particular withers are wrung, or whether "Kentucky" means, Khamschadtka or Kham-Tartary in this

PROCLAMATION EXTRAORDINARY.

"Ho !" fair sister States, Kentucky sends greeting,

And fopling of fifty or sixty, *with care* ;

He "lives upon Love," (and other good eating,

For the boy-god himself couldn't dine upon air) ;

But the urchin slipped off, a bride was his aim,

And he didn't count less than three strings to his bow,

To "*half court*" each lass, "*then choose*" was the game,

And he's out—but, sonny, your mother does know !

And fair-play's a jewel, so lest some mistake
Cause bellehood to fall by the shaft of your bow,
I've ordered a limner some charcoal to take,
And sketch, my fine lark, your full portrait below.

*Full length of one who guzzled, while abusing good honest milk
as "chalk, sugar and water," and boasted that he could marry
any girl in Kentucky.*

An ancient Adonis, and sleek-looking calf,
Needs chalk, &c., just to relish his tea :
He's able to buy, but too stingy by half,
So—"a penny, please sir, pray give it to me!"

Ye kind-hearted landlords, just grant him his prayer,
But don't board him a day unless he'll agree
To pay without grumbling at least double fare,
For you'll have to fork over good rations for three.

The belles of Kentuck all worship this star,
Though he dyes his gray hair, as most ev'ry one knows ;
Yet still he consents to wed "on the squar"
So look to your blinds, *there* he eaves-dropping goes.

Such charms must attract ; so he writes himself down,
And dreams of a wife, not that beauty should dare
To think and to say that this "man about town"
Has ears very long, and heart of hardware.

Done at the old stamping-ground, under our hand and seal.

KENTUCKIANA.

After that *state secretaryship* no common mortal
would have compromised dignity by ever *looking* at any
thing short of a president, nabob, or governor, at the
very lowest ; but listen :—

"A Yankee So-so and STUFFED-FROG of dimensions,
(Both *dukes* you may know in 'high life below stairs,')

Talk loud of their 'big men,' with knowing pretensions,
And look, like two little ones—putting on airs!

She's clearly not "*canny*," and what does she next
but get

DEATH AND DECIMAL IN A QUANDARY.

" 'I'm puzzled,' says Death, what to do with his soul,
Or the Gripe-all's career had long since been run;
Why the petrified heart *might* fatten a ghoul,
And for soul—bless your life he never had one!

" 'But his dimes, oh, his dimes! how shall I contrive,
For the son of a gnome won't budge from his ore?'
Place a mint over Styx and in he will dive,
Charge *Charon* a fee, and win 'a fip more!'

"The plan's very good, but friend Plutus maintains
That he never *will* trust that mortal alive—
With nothing but brass in the *locale* of brains—
Who with gods and with men such bargains would drive!"

"Of Queen City, then, let Sir Saveall beware,
Or she'll use him up quite—bones, bristles, and all,
For he's very well '*smoked*' (though tough), and with care
His parchment will serve—any purpose that's *small*."

Oh, a very vigilant and impartial officer is she, past
a doubt, nothing too high for her impudence or low for
her notice; but I'm not going to be gibbeted in rhyme,
or hung in hexameters or Hexhamheaths, whichever it
is, because I don't know father from son! And if she
wants introduction to one Captain Scalplock, just let
her offer to string "long-winded" into metre, or come
scouting about down in "the nation" here, when I'm
studying the art of slow torture under the illustrious old

/ re

sachem PINESPLINTERS, with an "eye single" to the benefit of insolent old gaberlunzies, eternally bawling out BREVITY, with their mouths all full of supererogation, as if *their* readers would ever know the thing by sight, or the fee-simple of all palaver belonged to them; and other people were bound to talk out of their dictionaries, and had never a grammar of their own, or any right to put wit in five columns because they can put stupidity in six!

If so very anxious to see the myth, why don't they look into the *retort* where some fool-for-his-pains distils their atoms of idea from infinity of *vapor*? Do they expect a candidate for the first honors of bush-fight to march up one line of "ordinary" and down another, enfilade a whole chevaux-de-frise of critics, and bring up against a blank wall of incomprehensibility; just as if he couldn't dodge them as well as encyclopædias, turn their flanks, spike their guns, rifle their stores, and scatter their munitions of war, whenever he choose?

If they do, they've missed—that's all!

CRABTREE AP CRAB', 1st *Lictor*.

WHAT A BOOK MIGHT BE GOOD FOR.

"'TWERE no *sort* of use, for I never do read!"

Quite likely, Sir Coattail,* of genus called "*flash*;"

* "The race of *men* is almost extinct; the majority are nothing but coattails walking behind a *moustache*."—FANNY FERN.

But then your sweet self is the subject I need,
 To witness how well I can lay on the lash :
 So bide a wee now, and I'll presently show
 How great were the use in your situation ;
 For books, it is proved, as all men should know,
 Are "*elements*" good of "GIV-IL-I-ZA-TION !"

LADY LACKLAND, *2d Lictor*.

CAP FOR HEADS THAT FIT.

"SPONTANEOUS PRODUCTIONS," says Cheatem to Niel,
 "Men may take for their need, as onward they pass"—
 "Thin, holy St. Patrick, this country, I feel,
 Has PLANTS rather rare of that very same class,
 That grow without culture in wild-field and wood—
 Since *books* and *umbrellas* 'tis no harm to steal,
 They come up, in coorse, for the commonwealth's good !"

LADY LACKLAND, *2d Lictor*.

PUFFS AND PUFFERS.

BLANK, BLANK.

HAVING examined this work *a la* critic, that is, felt of the paper, looked at the type, title-page, *finale* and binding, our opinion is, that another of the "green 'uns" has given us a book, which any one may purchase that likes, though we don't choose to read.

Now that's very like what I call swindling ! Do you know, sir, that that very book cost the author cash, if not brains ? And what right have you, Scissor Snippings, Esq., more than any other man, to appropriate the same without some sort of equivalent ? Are you *sure* the poor wretch went bootless and napless, if not cold and hungry, to bed, in order to pay you that tribute ? Who told you the lady wasn't peer of the proudest, that her wedding ring gilt the offering to your hand ? You *might* have been hoaxed ! Suppose now you hadn't, after all, such an unquestionable *right* to the homage, without giving so much even as a nod of receipt in return ? Just imagine, my lord premier or lady patroness, naming you to brilliant beauty as Mr. the accomplished *gull*, who silently accepts the charity of author's brains, or tells a tantalized public they lie on his table, delighted heiress responding, "it knew very well they didn't *lien* the crown of his hat"—only think of it !

And you, too, you irreclaimable "Softs," will you never rebel ? How long must you be trod like the worm before you can "turn upon power ?" How long will you help Humbug of Tripod shovel clods on your own coffin ? How long will you plunge in his Balaam profound, whence no light flashes up from the fathomless dunce-depths ? There's enough of you, in all conscience ; if you'd only stand up for your rights, refuse to be hung before you are tried, and buried before you are dead, you might get justice and *quid pro quo*, as well as other folks. You BRAVES ! *squaws*, I tell you, all *squaws* ! !



Here, Lady Lack', come smoke me the *moths* that
~~put~~ out the fibres of these delicate, spiritual, spiritless
 little gossamer wings. Crab', the haughty old savage,
 vows he won't hunt any such pitiful pests.

"Old Tomahawk's right, better blood he should draw,
 The meanness of theirs would infect the north star;
 The game in this chase is *beneath* an old squaw,
 Toad, magpie or crawfish were nobler by far!
 'Tis an insect of Tripods Humboldt wouldn't class,
 So authors come on, this task must be ours;
 The *defaulter's* there, right in front of the glass,
 With 'line' and fair promise—his critique, ye powers,
 No man ever saw, though the *swindler* don't fail
 To boast and to hide all his *quiddam honore*—
 (If 'tis honor and wit, don't grudge the 'black mail,'
 For man, I am sure, never needed it more.)
 No diamond of genius can *Tinseltop* prize,
 Gilt and vellum *he'll* have, whatever befall;
 The helpless and poor *Uppertenny* espies,
 And sponges with pleasure a *large* from all. *6326*
 But one *Conscientious*, well knowing no bays
 Could survive, in the germ, *his* flattering line,
 Don't sully its leaf with the breath of his praise,
 That shine of the worm on the statue so fine!" *6327*

Bravo, Lady Lack' ! High time these old "censors"
 were censorized !—had it all their own way a long
 time—"sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander,"—
 "Poor rule that won't work both ways"—never mind the
 hornets.

BETSEY TROTWOOD, *Censor*.

MRS. GRUNDY AND EASTERN EDITOR TO
SOUTHERN AUTHOR.

BUY Southern born thought ! That were treason indeed,
To rebel in arms, "aid and comfort " at least ;
If you'd only die off perhaps we might read
Pelf's good for us Pubs, and ALL masters down East,
You vassals don't know, when 'twill do to be pleased ;
But starve as you ought, and for genius is fit,
Prestissimo then, how your work will be seized—
Some Yankee goose quill giving gracious permit.
In mean time remember, if still you will write,
That never a courtier his fortunes did mend
Who wilfully stood in his own very light,
Daring farther than king, his bow shaft to send !

* * * * *

SOUTHERN AUTHOR TO MRS. GRUNDY.

My charming old woman, I hear what you say,
For croaking lord Tripods don't heed *them* at all ;
Though they'd do very well to keep out of way,
The safest place always for things that are small ;
But stand by for once, and see "*the fair play*,"
If you value their heads as much as "*the tin*,"—
Now Tripod, my dear, don't set up a squawl !
You've kept us all out, for many a day ;
But dead or alive, *I am bound to "come in,"*
And 'tis pity to waste good powder and ball.

LADY LACKLAND, 2d Lictor.

VALENTINE FOR THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

(LOST OR MISLAID BY ORIGINAL CONSIGNEE.)

MR. EDITOR :—

If that sectarian clapperclawing in the Louisville papers is "*a free fight*, count me in for a few licks ;" and if your readers see more impiety in Saladin's scimitar than Richard's battleaxe, or any one fails to see that a man may occasionally *write en infidel*, for the better edification of belligerent orthodoxy, without being a regular Turk, or worse Christian than his neighbors, then much joy may he have of his stupidity—it's a very happifying agency—my far-famed models, the distinguished Braves, Hurl-the-tomahawk, and Light-the-splinters, never could have victimized him—let him thank God and take courage, for he has abundant reason.

Yours,

CRABTREE AP CRAB', 1st. Lictor,
*And heir-apparent to that beautiful old scatter-gun
 of the accomplished chief, MISS-THE-TARGET.*

CHICKASAW BLUFFS, Feb. 14th, 1854.

* * * * *

MR. PRENTICE :—

I'm astonished at you ! Have you never seen my Aunt Betsey's Inaugural ? If not, so much the worse for you, the law expects every man to know it (except the lawyers), but here it is :

"INKHORNS, POUNDTEXTS, COMPOSITIONSTICKS :

"ATTENTION, all of you ! Try and keep quiet, and walk a chalk, will you ? I've got something else to do besides following you up all the while to keep you from making perfect sillies of yourselves ; but just let me catch you playing the fool with your 'little-go,' stirring up, and perverting President Pierce's twenty-six battalions, any where in this republic of letters, and see if I'm not down upon you with rod and lictor !

"BETSEY TROTWOOD, *Censor.*

"*March 4th, 1853.*"

Well now you see what authority you're indicted under, and needn't go to putting on that innocent, *don't know nothin', haven't done nothin'* sort of look, unless you want to be taught after the manner of the men of Succoth "with the briers and thorns of the wilderness," for you know well enough you have !

But what has come over you ? Is there such a "mildew in the lapse of a few miserable years" that you can't be the same genial, whole-hearted, magnanimous soul you used to be ? Once, when some hungry "*vally-de-sham,*" under-scullion, or out-door sub of a by-gone dynasty, cried lustily for "more pap" in behalf of his famishing wife and children, then who but you was the very first man to come forward, declaring that although constitutionally and teetotally opposed to that kitchen cabinet and the whole *menage*, you could not and would not harden your heart against such pathetic appeals to charity ; and forthwith set up a contribution-box, and reported "a brass button, rusty nail, and pewter pap-spoon" as the result of your humane exertions ? Now—and "oh what a fall is there my countrymen"—I'm actually afraid to trust you with this little bit to a

bridle king Solomon long since prescribed ; though if long ears would only bray any where else it wouldn't much signify ; but here in the newspaper, your newspaper that has in the main set them a much better example,* it's a little too bad, indeed " our sufferings is intolerable ! "

Without wishing to broach any new heresy, or flatter you in the least, I must say, that all things considered, newspapers are, I think, rather an item in modern literature, and on the whole I like *some of* them. Am, in short, a good deal indebted to one or two for my extensive knowledge of men and things in general—at least that is *my* impression, though if any man chooses to be contentious, I don't wish to be too positive, if the knowing ones insist that I might have risen to be first Lictor, been just as wise, and written quite as well without ever having seen one, perhaps I might, they ought to know best ; still newspapers are good to read and light cigars, and I am good to read and *smoke* them. I don't pretend to explain the cause of that either—perhaps I haven't got the time, perhaps I should be off skylarking at something else if I had—I've known people to do the like before—but time was, when, by edging carefully round the grand achievements, I could even venture to look into a religious (beg pardon) sectarian paper of a Sunday without catching the Polemics, which I take to be one of the worst distempers that can infect any community ; now if I can take a bird's eye peep at yours of a week day, without being seduced into castigating other people's faults instead of mending my own, it's as

* No allusion to the Ward trials.—Sec.

much. And here you begin to get an inkling of my grievance and your misdemeanor, but only an inkling, mind you, I'm too much in a hurry (witness my speed) for any thing else ; a fact I mention for your encouragement, because you might, you know, get uneasy lest I was about to "speak my speech" and be off.

No, no, "mine ancient," it's out of fashion now, and "with all your faults I love you still" too well for that ; and besides it takes my aunt Betsey, who hasn't the advantage of being a half-breed and knowing how to shoot all round the tree, and from every leaf and thorn of a crabtree chapporal, to do those sort of things. I hold it a useless waste of raw material when the value of an article (I'll take this one out in advertising) is measured by the yard ; but honestly and soberly, we poor sinners do have hard measure dealt out to us every way.

If we don't go to church, or trouble ourselves about such things at all, then we are a set of hardened reprobates or graceless Gallios ; if we do, it's as like as not only to see our betters do the devotions, hear that their Maker is going to take them to heaven in spite of themselves, and send us to perdition because we can't get there in spite of him, for all of which we are exhorted to love him very dearly, and praise him devoutly, because he has made us to hate him most cordially and be punished everlastingly. And then these judges elect—quite enamored with the prospect of sitting on our cases hereafter, and as much incensed at seeing their meaning evoked from general expansion into visual

angle,—must needs practice sentencing and tormenting us before the time.

They have humbugged us out of our Almanac, banned the dance, outlawed the theatre, confiscated the decanter, and *stolen* our novels, and all this we have borne ; but when it comes to laying violent hands on our newspaper, the secular newspaper, then we say *hands off!* We don't presume to lay our ungodly fingers on your righteous columns, we don't need to be told that flippancy can't answer, nothing short of acrimony can pass muster there, we are cast out of the synagogue, but this curbstone is *OURS!* And now we say to you, *keep out of our "broad road"* if you don't *want* to be bespattered—don't rub your lawn against our sackcloth and then *smite us* if you get defiled, don't reflect your thoughts and acts both on our sensorium, and then turn black in the face, if we show them up daguerreotyped in words ; for verily we of the "profane" are shocked at your insolent, all-patronizing, lord-paramount airs, of having religions made to order, as if the Almighty had nothing else to do but match his ethics to your politics ! Above all, don't bring any more of your "brotherly love" to our market,—we know exactly what it's worth, for we've seen enough of it, we have. If *you* fancy these amiable little family bickerings, why can't you amuse yourselves among yourselves, without tampering with our especial ? If made over to you in fee-simple, he could only teach, never learn you, how to wield a polished, knightly lance ; but does mortal man suppose *his* readers could be "sold" by that little gem of a "pious fraud" of yours ? That transparent effort

to throw on a rival church, the odium of denying an unpopular dogma, in the face of evidence enough *per contra* to sink a ship? Did true man ever so blacken the fair fame of his own beloved, with the reflected stain of such gratuitous and most mendacious poltroonery? Of course not; hurra then, for the valiant volunteer, the gallant little brave who undertakes to run the gauntlet, encoiled in rope enough to tie him hand and foot, and throw him to the Choctaws!

But oh, Mr. Prentice, Mr. Prentice! "call you this a backing of your friends,"—is this the way you suffer them to write themselves down? I'm afraid you've been contaminating your fingers with their "vile bribes,"—yet no,—you surely haven't fallen quite so low as all that, at least *I* shall never offer you any such base indignity, for if you haven't taken final leave of all discernment, as well as human sympathy, you must see it would be putting the change in the wrong pocket this time; if you have, remember the sad doom of one Sammy Houston, and "*consider yourself* REPRI-MANDED!"

But why didn't you let me know you were in want of stupid articles? If ever you get out again, just telegraph down our way, and it shall go hard, but I'll send you a whole dozen of my best opaque, rather than you should lack a foil to your wit, or I the pleasure of seeing it flash and glitter through the clear obscure. *Theirs* are no use, you know yourself 'twould be more than your life is worth, to dare draw that two-edged sword of yours on one of them; but do pray tell me, what is to become of the poor children who have, it seems, got a

most unpopular-odox Sunday School book that is readable without threat or promise (whose munificent fulfilment they'd be apt to remember ever after as often as they thought upon *nothing*), and was ever so lucky a man, as the Reverend Author ?

To be sure the smell of so much ecclesiastical pitch does rather make a poor old foggy of a red skin sigh for the "good old times." "TALK, *talk*," he says, "*no good*, PINE SPLINTERS *very much good* ; but I'm resolved what I'll do—I'll turn author too ! "

Talent's nothing, tact is all—it's only "to hold on like grim death" to my share of the family papers and official documents, steal the balance, give the whole some rickety-cranky, outlandish, impudent title, throw in a few rounds of grape and canister at somebody's particular *Is*m, get some of its great guns to fulminate me into notoriety, and my fortune's made ;—provided I don't make a mistake and "wake up the wrong passenger !" In that case I shall have to explain to all the *Allissimas Sanctissimas*, privately, that it's a mere *ruse de guerre*, or complimentary salute in disguise ; and when the "lesser lights" comprehend, that it is, in fact, a tacit admission of their potency, they can't in conscience be very implacable at a little financiering blunder, when all the world must know, that if practice had the small-pox principle never need be in danger, or in other words, that "religion is one thing, and business another."

CRABTREE AP CRAB', 1st Lictor.

88

71 17 A C-55 3

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

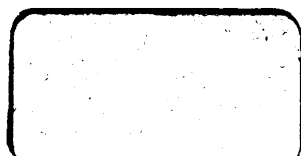
124

125

126

127

128



—



